

The Tragicall

Vpon his party for the gaine there of,  
And therevpon he sends you this good newes:  
That this laime very day, your enemies,  
The kindred of the Queene, must die at *Pomfret*.

*Hast.* Indeede I am no mourner for this newes,  
Because they haue beene still mine enemies:  
But that Ile giue my voyce on *Richards* side,  
To barre my masters helpes in true dissent,  
God knowes I will not do it to the death.

*Cat.* God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde,

*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,  
That they who brought me to my masters hate,  
I liue to looke vpon their tragedy:

I tell thee *Catesby*. *Cat.* What my Lord?

*Hast.* Fre a Fort-night make me elder,  
Ile send some packing that yet thinke not one it.

*Cat.* Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord  
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.

*Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous, and so fals it out  
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*, and so twill doo  
With some men else, who thinke themselves as safe  
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare  
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.

*Cat.* The Princes both make high account of you,  
For they account his head vpon the bridge.

*Hast.* I know they doe and I haue well deserued it.

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

What my L. where is your Boare-speare man?

Feare you the Boare, and goe you so vnprouided?

*Stan.* My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catesby*:

You may iest one, but by the holy Rood,

I doe not like these seuerall counsels I.

*Hast.* My L. I hold my life as deare as you doe yours,

And neuer in my life I doe protest,

Was it more precious to me then it is now,

Thinke you but that I know our state secure,

I would be so triumphant as, I am?

*Stan.* The Lords of *Pomfret* when they rode from *London*,  
Were iocund, and supposde their states was sure,

of *Richard the Third*.

And indeede had no cause to mistrust:  
But yet you see how soone the day orecast,  
This suddain scab of rancor I misdoubt,  
Pray God I say, I proue a needlesse coward,  
But come my Lord shall we to the Tower?

*Hast.* I go: but stay, heare you not the newes?  
This day thole men you talke of are beheaded.

*Sta.* They for their truth might better weare their heads,  
Then some that haue accused them weare their hats:  
But come my L. let vs away. *Exit. L. Stanley, & Cat.*

*Hast.* Go you before Ile follow presently.

*Enter Hastings & Pursuant.*

*Hast.* Well met *Hastings*, how goes the world with thee?

*Pur.* The better that it please your good Lordship to ask?

*Hast.* I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,

Then when I met thee last where now wee meete?

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the *Queenes* allies:

But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)

This day those enemyes are put to death,

And I in better statethen euer I was.

*Pur.* God hold it to your *Henours* good content.

*Hast.* Gramercy *Hastings*, hold spend thou that.

*He giues him his purse.*

*Pur.* God saue your Lordship. *Exit. Pur. Enter a Priest.*

*Hast.* What Sir *Iohn*, you are well met:

I am beholding to you for your last dayes exercise:

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you. *He whispers*

*Enter Buckingham.* *(in his eare.*

*Buc.* How now Lord *Chamberlaine*, what talking with a

Your friends at *Pomfret* they doe need the Priest. *(priest.*

Your Honour hath no striuing worke in hand.

*Hast.* Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

Thole men you talke of, came into my minde:

What, go you to the Tower my Lord?

*Buc.* I do, but long I shall not stay,

I shall returne before your Lotdship thence,

*Hast.* Tis like enough for I stay dinner there.

*Buc.* And supper too although too, knowest it not?

Come.

